

Confidentiality by ChloeCeres

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/
Steve Harrington

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Summary:

What happens here can never be known. Written from Steve's POV.

Confidentiality

Author's Note:

You know I had to do it to ‘em. I mean, that shower scene in S2, how was I not supposed to write *something*. Anyway, please enjoy this very short peek into my imagination! Don’t forget to comment!

P.S. Please forgive any typos, this was written very late at night ~

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. The droplets of water struck my skin with an unending rhythm and made my body shine under the weak fluorescent lights of the locker room. My dark brown hair hung down on my head limply, weighed down by the downpour coming from the shower head above me. A sigh, a gentle, pleading sigh freed itself from my slightly parted lips. The sight before me, or rather, below me, warranted a great deal more than that paltry sigh, but my mind was too far gone under the spell of pleasure to begin to string words together. Against the bleak, ivory tiles of the communal shower I rested my back while one of my hands lay hopelessly entangled within a mess of dirty blonde locks. *His locks.* Back and forth his head moved while he knelt in front of me, his beautiful, *beautiful* mouth sliding over my cock. I couldn’t stand how beautiful he was. I hated his perfect eyebrows, his impossibly long eyelashes... I hated how much I wanted him. I despised that even though he was a guy, I wanted him to touch me all over. I fantasized about how he would taste if he kissed me. And here I was, living what was once just a daydream.

He looked up at me with eyes so blue I could have sworn that they were formed from the ocean itself. I moaned instinctively as he spoke to me since his lips were very teasingly rubbing against my sensitive cock.

“Sounds like you’re almost there, Harrington.”

“I’d already be there if you hadn’t stopped.”

"I'm sorry? You don't want me to stop, is that it?" I rolled my eyes, realizing that he was toying with me.

"Billy, no, I don't want you to."

"Don't want me to what?" He licked at the head of my cock tentatively, still maintaining eye contact with me.

"D-Don't stop doing that. Please don't stop." The cheeky smirk he flashed gave his features a devilish charm that sent chills down my spine. Without warning, he took the entirety of my cock into his mouth and swallowed hard. I couldn't stop myself in time and let out a startled cry, immediately covering my mouth with my hand. Billy was relentless, pulling all the way back from me only to take me back into his mouth in effortless motions. I remember his name echoing in the room before my body tensed up forcefully. How could I forget the way he swallowed one last time as I climaxed, the feeling nearly too much for me to bear as my body had now become a bundle of overstimulated nerves. Shutting off the water, he helped me over to one of the many wooden benches within the locker room and tossed me a towel.

"Our secret, yeah?" He asked, winking slyly. I nodded, my cheeks coloring while a smile tugged at my lips.

"Our secret."